

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



KITTY ROBBINS'S WARNING.

## ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XLII.—SETTLED.

HENRY WENLOCK went back to his office from Mrs. Webb's, but he found his work intolerable. He had always detested writing, and now he asked himself how he could have been so foolish as to give up a profession he liked for mere office drudgery. If Janet would neither marry him nor give him her confidence, he had better have remained in the army.

He did not believe in Mrs. Webb's fears for Janet's

sanity, but he thought it most unbefitting that his promised wife should fly about the country in this way, without giving any previous warning of her intentions. As the afternoon wore on this thought grew troublesome, and he began to wonder at the supineness with which he had taken for granted that Janet was really at Rookstone. He could not remain in doubt any longer, and left the office hurriedly.

At the station he found there would be no train for Rookstone for an hour, but that there was one expected from Rookstone almost directly.

While he stood waiting it came up, and Janet got out of one of the carriages.

She started when she saw him, and then such a happy, glad look beamed out of her eyes, that Henry's anger melted for an instant. But he kept down the relenting that wanted to make peace at once. While still anxious, he had brought himself to attribute all Mrs. Webb's warnings to spitefulness. It might be that Janet had gone away to avoid her cousin's unkindness; but now that he saw her safe in London again on the same day as that on which she had started for Rookstone, he began to think she must indeed be very eccentric—more eccentric than he could have thought possible; and until she had fully explained her conduct, it behoved him to maintain a dignified reserve.

"Are you going back to Vincent Square?" he said, stiffly.

He did not ask permission to accompany her. He had made up his mind not to quit sight of Janet till she was safely bestowed somewhere; he wished heartily that he had the right to take her to his own home.

"Yes," but she looked surprised at his question.

The cab drove up and Janet got in, and then, as soon as Henry Wenlock had followed her, she looked at her lover.

There was an archness mingled with the happiness that beamed out of her eyes, that in his present mood was, to say the least, disconcerting; but Janet was too full of joy at the delight of seeing him to be chilled by his manner. She felt years younger in the possession of that exquisite bliss which for the time will overcome the reserve of even the most timid among us, consciousness of our own power to make another happy.

"I have seen Mrs. Webb to-day," Wenlock said, gravely. "Are you not terribly fatigued, Janet?"

His last words had grown severe, for no shade of regret or annoyance showed in those blue eyes raised so lovingly to his.

Janet did not look confused, she laughed.

"I am too happy to feel tired yet." Then seeing his unsympathising expression, she stole her hand gently through his arm.

"You are vexed with me, and I cannot wonder. I ought to have told you I was going to Rookstone, but I thought I should, perhaps, be at home again before you came to Vincent Square."

"And that I need know nothing about it." He spoke more stiffly, and though the little hand still lay on his arm, it stayed there of its own free will.

A depth of tenderness swam into her eyes.

"No, indeed, my own. I should have told you all I am going to tell you now, all I can tell you, for the discussion between myself and Richard is of too private a nature to repeat." Henry's face darkened again, but she went on. "I met him on my way to Rookstone. He forbade me to see Mary; he wishes to keep us apart for the present. I may as well tell you," she added (she saw he was not satisfied), "that Richard and I quarrelled the last time I went to Rookstone, and we are not likely to be friends again."

"Then why did you go down there to-day?"

"I wanted to see him, and I should have been glad to see Mary too, but as he does not wish it, of course we must be strangers for the present."

"What did you quarrel about?"

Janet had been dreading this question, and yet she was almost glad to hear it, for she knew Henry

would have asked it sooner or later, and it seemed to her as if her fate hung on the way in which he might receive her answer.

"That was what I meant just now by saying that our discussion must remain private—"

"Even from me!" He drew himself away from her, and sat upright, looking so proud and stubborn that for a moment she felt hopeless—felt as if all her life's happiness was going to be sacrificed after all to this secret.

She gazed at him with such a timid softness, such a yearning tenderness, that as he looked down into her face at her next words, he felt as if he must take her to his heart and trust her for ever.

"Henry, I know all you are feeling, but you cannot know how I have longed to say all this to you before, or how bitter it is to me to keep anything from you; and, indeed, while I thought that this secret might prove any cause of vexation between us, I was so determined that your happiness should not be affected by it, that—that—I do not think I could ever have become your wife while a fear of this lasted; but I hope it is over. The matter itself is now so wholly bound up in Richard and Mary that I cannot see what interest it could have for you in its present state, even if I were free to speak of it, and I am not."

So far Henry had listened eagerly, every moment with growing interest; but now he suddenly clasped Janet's hand in both his and broke in abruptly,—

"Then you will be my wife now, Janet? If I have understood you rightly, this was the bar to our marriage; my darling, my darling, why did you not trust me sooner? why did you not let me stand between you and all these vexations?"

In his transport at this unexpected prospect of happiness, he could not listen to her repetitions that she was still as much bound as ever to keep the secret from him. He forgot all his resentful doubts about Mr. Painson and the confidence she reposed in him, and by the time they reached Vincent Square he was pressing her eagerly to fix the wedding day.

Janet told him that he was unreasonable, but she promised at last to give him an answer to-morrow evening, when he came to Mrs. Webb's.

As the cab stopped a new idea occurred to him.

"Don't you think you might go and stay with Mrs. Dawson until we are married? I feel as if you would be happier there."

Janet thought for a few minutes.

"In some ways, yes; but Aunt Dawson is away from home till the end of the Christmas holidays, and then I could not leave Christy alone in Vincent Square, and the walk to school would be much too far for the child at this time of year from Aunt Dawson's. No"—she smiled up at him—"I know why you wish for this, darling; but we must make the best of Mrs. Webb, I believe one sees the worst of her—poor woman."

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—AN ACCIDENT.

It was a singularly early spring; the leaf-buds on the trees swelled rapidly, promising a speedy unfolding. Little more than two months had gone by since Janet's last visit to Rookstone, and yet the year looked, judging by outward signs, much further on its way than the last week of March. Spring flowers, however, were still shy and backward; here and there a wild strawberry blossom starred the hedge-bank, but the village children out on holiday rambles had

to search closely for primroses for their Easter posies.

Richard Wolferston was driving his wife home across the park. Just within the gates they met the nurse carrying the child in her arms, a healthy, lively boy, nearly six months old now. He held out his arms and crowed with delight as the carriage stopped beside him.

"Oh, you darling!" Mary exclaimed; "give him to me, nurse. Oh, Richard," for her husband remonstrated, "you must let me have him just a little minute. Baby would like a ride, wouldn't he, the darling! Look, I have him quite firmly in my lap. You can go home, nurse, I mean to keep him."

Her husband looked vexed, but her bright face made him ashamed of thwarting her.

"Well, if you let him fall, don't say it was my fault." He touched the horses lightly with his whip, and they dashed rapidly along the avenue. "Hold him fast," he said, and turned into a grassed road that led to the house by a nearer way.

Mary was laughing at some baby exploit, and her husband looked fondly down on her sunny face. Just then the horses started, plunged, and reared madly, the carriage jerked violently on one side, and Mary was thrown out, with her child clasped in her arms.

Almost as she fell Richard sprang down, and was at the ponies' heads before they could move forward. He looked round for his wife, but he dared not leave the struggling, terrified horses. Mary was not stunned. In a minute or two she had raised herself, and was sitting up on the grass with her child in her arms. He looked round for help, and then he saw the cause of the mischief.

An old woman with her apron full of faggot wood stood trembling in the path of the terrified horses. It was Kitty Robbins; but she looked so pale and scared that for the moment Richard had not recognised her.

"A curse on you!" he said fiercely, "how dare you come prowling here?"

The words changed Kitty's fear into fury. She knew that Mary lay there on the turf beside the carriage; she knew, too, that the angry squire could not leave the still frightened, struggling horses, but she could not find room just then for any thought but the wrath he had raised.

"Dare! is it *you* who dare I, Richard Wolferston? A man should be sure he be on his own land afore he warns others off it; stolen goods never thrives, and ye may find the curse come back to 'ee and what owns 'ee."

Then she moved slowly round to the side of the carriage. Mary was still sitting with her child in her lap when Kitty reached her; the little creature had fallen on its head, and it lay senseless, although otherwise it showed no mark of injury.

Richard dared not leave the horses' heads, though he saw what had happened. "Could you manage to get in again?" he said to Mary, "and then I will lead the horses home."

"Oh, no, I could not. Go home as fast as you can, and come back to us."

It seemed the only thing to be done, and as the horses were quieter since Kitty had removed out of their sight, Richard sprang into the carriage again, and drove rapidly away.

Mary's eyes were fixed in such intense agony on her child that she had forgotten Kitty's presence till

she spoke. "Let me take he," the old woman said, "maybe I'll bring he to—"

"No, no, I'll not part from him," and Mary clasped the unconscious child still closer. The pressure roused him; he half opened his eyes, and began to cry.

"Him'll do now," said Kitty; "him dwoant aill nought."

Mary kissed him, and soothed, and at last quieted the sobbing child.

"'Ee'd better let I take he"—Kitty held out her arms—"and then 'ee can be moving, Muss Mary; 'ee'd be best at whoam now, I'm thinkin'."

But Mary had heard Kitty's previous words, and she drew back with evident repugnance. "No, Kitty, I could not let you touch my child after what you said just now. You are very wicked to speak in such a manner to Mr. Wolferston; I believe he could have you punished."

"Let he try!" The evil light flamed up again in the old woman's eyes. "There beant no law agin telling truth, Muss Mary, and if ye believe yon husband o' yourn owns the Park by lawful right, ye believe what's not true."

Something in the words, but more in the solemn manner of the speaker, went straight to Mary's conviction. She was still sitting on the turf, and it was well that she was so sitting, for her limbs seemed to grow weak suddenly, and all her powers of consciousness to become dim.

Kitty retired out of sight among the trees. "An old chattering fool I be," she said to herself; "it wur one thing to say it to he, but what call had I to frighten she?"

Richard was soon back again, followed by Leroux, the nurse, and some other servants, and amid a sort of chorus of sympathy and wonder Mary and the baby were conveyed to Rookstone.

Leroux's sharp eyes had spied Kitty lurking among the leafless trees. He had heard his master say she had caused the mischief, and he lingered behind to speak to her. "Good evening, Madame Robbins," he said, advancing towards her, "it is a fine mischief this which have happened."

"Your master should keep to beaten tracks, then. What call had he to leave the drive to come across this jolting uneven road, driving like mad as him do?"

Leroux looked at her curiously, and divers little remembrances came back. "It appears, madame, you not like very much Mr. Wolferston?"

"No, I dwoant"—she laughed in a short hard way, and then she looked full in the Frenchman's inquisitive face.

"For what reason do you not like him, madame?" said the Frenchman, politely.

"For reasons o' mine, and as thay bees mine I mean to keep 'em, and not give 'em to 'ee. What call ha' you to come askin' questions about the master whose bread ye live on? Go along wi' ye, ye sneak, trying to creep up my sleeve with your wriggling foreign ways—go along, I say."

She stood resolutely pointing towards Rookstone, and Leroux, taken rather aback by the quickness with which she had read his purpose, turned in the direction she indicated.

"She is a vitch," he said; "she must be one; and yet I am perfectly sure she knows about the secret of my master and Mees Janet. I have been thinking this long time to speak to her, but it is useless; she



is a too spiteful old woman. All I can do now is to see Madame Thompson, and find if she know anything."

CHAPTER XLIV.—JANET'S VISITOR.

It was, as has been said, the end of March, and the time fixed for Janet's marriage was drawing near.

At first Mrs. Webb had thrown decided obstacles in its way, obstacles suggested so skilfully that they had appeared even to Janet insuperable, and at last, when everything had seemed propitious, little Christy fell ill with measles. He was so very ill that Janet would not trust his nursing to any care but her own, and spite of all her tender devotedness weeks passed before the child could safely leave his sick room.

But all this was happily at an end. The marriage was at last fixed definitely to take place in a month, and Janet was sitting now with her little brother, chatting over plans for the future.

"You see you will be quite strong before we come back, darling, and then we shall all be so happy together."

Christy looked at her fretfully. His likeness to Mary was very striking since his illness.

"Why can't I go with you, too?" he said. "I don't want to go to the seaside alone with Thompson, she's not amusing, and she doesn't know the name of anything. I don't like to be with stupid people."

Janet laughed. She was so happy and bright, no wonder Christy clung to her companionship.

"You are growing such a wise little man," she said; "but now that you can read, Christy, you can answer some of your questions yourself. I will give you some nice seaside books to take to Hastings with you, dear."

He did not look content, but before he could answer, a servant came in and asked if Miss Wolferston could speak to Thompson for a few minutes. "Yes, tell her to come up-stairs."

"Then I shall go," said Christy; "if I'm to be shut up with Thompson for a whole fortnight, I shall have enough of her."

"Oh, Christy!" so tenderly spoken that, already ashamed of his petulance, he went back to his sister, with a half-strangling kiss and a whispered "I'm sorry," and then ran away to hide the tears his growing manhood despised.

Janet leant back in her chair musing, her lips parted a little, and her eyes full of soft sweet thoughts. There were no conflicting doubts to furrow her brow, or to tighten the relaxed curve of the rosy mouth. She was very, very happy.

It had been painful to delay Henry's happiness for the sake of nursing Christy, and yet it had been a clear duty; even her lover had consented cheerfully that she should fulfil her mother's part towards her little brother. How good Henry had been through all, how unselfish; and now she was to spend all her life in trying to make him happy.

"Not that he wants it," she said, softly to herself. "He is too good not to be happy, and any woman he loved must have given him her whole heart."

There was a tap at the door, and Thompson came in. Janet had expected her for some days past. She had not gone to service again when finally dismissed from Vincent Square. She had joined a friend who had set up a small dressmaking and millinery establishment in Pimlico, and Miss Wolferston had promised to entrust her with some of the wedding outfit. Therefore she felt much surprised to see a serious

look of disquiet in poor Thompson's inexpressive eyes, instead of the smiling eagerness with which she had received the news of the approaching marriage. Janet took no notice, however. She unfolded a large parcel which lay on the sofa, and asked Thompson's opinion of some of the dresses she had been buying. Thompson looked at them with a sort of resigned patience.

"Very nice; very pretty, indeed, Miss Wolferston—elegant, I may say, and, above all, what your poor dear mamma would have chosen." Here she heaved a deep sigh. "You must excuse me, miss, but I've been thinking so much of her since yesterday that I'm only in poor spirits."

Janet was silent. She thought, with Thompson, that five months—for it would be scarcely a longer period—was scant time between her mother's death and her own marriage; but she knew what her mother's wishes would have been, and she felt there was no real want of affection in consenting to marry Henry.

"It's best to tell you at once, ma'am, for you'll hear it soon enough; but it does seem so sad to have happened just now."

"What has happened?" Janet's heart beat quicker, for she saw that Thompson had really something to communicate.

"Well, ma'am, Mrs. Wolferston's lost her baby. It was upset out of a carriage, it seems, and in the evening it had a fit and died. Poor lamb!"

"Oh! how dreadful. But how did you hear this? Are you sure, Thompson?"

"Sure and certain, ma'am. I was minding the showroom yesterday, and who should walk in but the French gentleman from Rookstone, Mr. Leroux, and he told me all about that and other things too. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Miss Wolferston;" Thompson broke down into a sort of pitiful cry. "I acted for the best—I really did; but what with his way of asking questions and that, I couldn't sleep all night, and the only thing seemed to be to come and tell you all about it."

Janet was so absorbed in sorrow for her sister's trial, that she had not taken in the sense of Thompson's words.

"Do you know how my sister is, or when this happened?"

"About a week ago, I fancy, ma'am, and I think Mr. Leroux said poor Miss Mary had kept her room ever since; but really, ma'am, what came afterwards frightened me so that at first I nearly forgot all about the dear babe. I must tell you, if you please, ma'am."

Janet looked up surprised. She thought it was some private trouble of Thompson's to which she was asked to listen, and she wondered she should choose such a moment for communicating it.

But Thompson was too much interested in what she had to tell to heed the expression of her listener's face.

"First of all, Mr. Leroux began asking me if I remembered the last evening your poor dear mamma and I was at Rookstone, and of course I did. It wasn't likely I should ever forget such a fright as I got at seeing her lying on that blue couch as white as death; and then he looks at me in a sort of strange, clever kind of way, and asks me if I had any idea where Mrs. Wolferston had been all the evening? Now, here's where I was foolish, ma'am, and, oh, dear! oh, dear! I hope I haven't done harm. But he led me on,

sympathising with me for losing her, and my being thrown out of such a good situation, and talking of his own pleasure again at seeing me; for he said it was the first holiday he'd asked for for months; but he felt such a strange longing to see me. And so, ma'am, I asked him to have a cup of tea; and you know there's something sociable in tea-drinking. It leads you on, as it were, and, little by little, I hardly know how, he got out of me all I knew about that study at Rookstone, and the papers your poor dear mamma found in the davenport, and—"

An exclamation escaped from Janet's lips, a sort of anguished cry. This treasured secret which she had fancied laid at rest till repentance should quicken in Richard Wolferston, known to a man like Leroux, over whose silence she could exercise no power.

"But how do you know anything about the study or papers, Thompson?" She tried to look indifferent, but the woman shook her head.

"Dear me, Miss Wolferston, you forget I never left your poor dear mamma in her illness when you were not with her, and often when she lay in those long dozing fits she told quite enough to make me guess where she had fainted, and why, even if I hadn't felt certain of it before, because, Miss Wolferston, where could your poor dear mamma have been that afternoon if she weren't in the study? I was out, but Leroux and all the rest had hunted everywhere—from top to bottom of the house; and as to being out of doors, which the squire pretended to think, why her bonnet was in her room, and your dear mamma was not the lady—no indeed Miss Wolferston—to run about in the evening with nothing on; but, ma'am, if you ask any of the Rookstone people you'll find they're all in the same story, they all think as Mr. Richard came by his rights in an unfair, underhand way. I don't say they know anything, but they all think poor dear little Master Christy's been ill-used."

Janet had had time to recollect herself.

"I am very sorry you repeated anything you may have overheard, Thompson; and I must think you were very wrong to do it. If this man comes to you again, I hope you will refuse to speak on the subject at all."

"You may be sure of that, ma'am. I wouldn't have named it again to any one, not to you even, only I thought somehow it might work round, and get a lot more made of it, and I'd rather you should hear what really did take place."

She thought it more prudent to suppress the opinions she had volunteered to Leroux on the subject of his master, and after she had been again warned by Janet never to mention the subject to any one, Thompson departed from Vincent Square lighter-hearted than she had come there.

### SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

On the occasion of a dispute between employers and employed which arose lately, it was agreed to submit the question to the decision of an umpire, whose award should be final. The employers were willing to pay a certain price for a certain description of work, and the workers demanded a higher price. The referee, like a sensible man, suggested that the parties should "split the difference" between the

two prices with fractional exactness; this was done, and the dispute was thus settled to the satisfaction of both sides. Now this splitting of the difference is a much more common process than is generally imagined, and embraces a wide field of operation, in which it is constantly producing results that are not attributed to any such cause. In the first place, it may be said to lie at the base of nearly all concerted action, both political and social; for in all corporate associations—legislative, judicial, municipal, and other—where conclusions, expedient and satisfactory, have to be arrived at through the contact and collision of opinion, it is—it can only be—by mutual concession—that is, by the mutual splitting of differences—that any such conclusion can be agreed on. And, in the next place, it is really by the same process that in all doubtful matters with regard to which the actual fact is beyond our reach, we arrive at any practical conclusion in our own minds. We ponder and compare reasons and motives for this course of action or for that—placing advantage in one scale, disadvantage in another—and from the persuasions of morality or justice, or of vanity or self-interest, we arrive at conclusions by splitting differences; not always, alas! right conclusions, but rather such as are determined by our moral force or feebleness. It may be affirmed, perhaps, that with regard to the majority of our actions, such being of minor import, this process is an unconscious one—so far unconscious, at least, as to have become merely mechanical and instinctive. Thus we often see people under the temptation of doing a small wrong from which they cannot wholly refrain, yet taking off the edge of it by a side touch of humour or kindness—a habit which with many who give their caustic tongues too much liberty becomes a kind of second nature.

An amusing instance of unconsciously splitting a difference is recorded in the *Memoirs of Madame de Launay*, a French writer of the last century. A certain literary gentleman of her acquaintance paid her marked attention for a considerable time. It was his habit to call for her at a friend's house where she usually passed the day, to offer her his arm, and to see her home. After an interval, however, at about the time when a declaration might have been expected, the attentions of the man of letters relaxed somewhat. He still manifested a regard for her, but not so intense a regard as he had shown at first. It had been his wont, in passing through a large square on the way to the lady's home, to take her round the two sides of the square; as his fervour abated, he still escorted her home—he could not at once give up the practice—but he made short work of it; instead of going along the two sides of the square, he "split the difference" and crossed it diagonally. "Then," the witty lady remarks, "I concluded that his regard for me had at least diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of a square." Surely this odd instance may be accepted as a type of a thousand others; and perhaps, to more or less extent, we might most of us find parallels to it in our own personal conduct.

But whether we split differences unconsciously or not, one thing is certain, and that is that we are continually so dealing with them. That we should do so is inevitable from the constitution of our minds and the imperfection of our reasoning powers or methods. Our logic will not help us to infallible conclusions because we want the infallible premises. In count-

less instances we can only arrive approximatively at decisions which are yet indispensable by us—and we are constantly engaged in adjusting and readjusting, and in balancing opposite scales, in the endeavour, too often vain, to satisfy our sense of right. It needs hardly to be remarked that absolute truth and fact can never be got at in this way; but then we have to act in a thousand instances without any real knowledge of such fact and truth, and very often we should not be able to act at all if we did not contrive to split the difference between conflicting motives. This we do in innumerable instances, and we see others doing it every day of our lives, and we must be blind indeed not to recognise both the universality of the practice and the advantage of it. If the reader wants confirmation of what we allege, he needs but revert for a moment to his own habit of mind when he wants some conviction on which he has to act or to refrain from acting: for example—when he hears a rumour prejudicial to another's character, he does not think of acting on the rumour, but waits for or seeks the explanation, and then, splitting the difference between the true and the false, regulates his action by the result. Mankind in general do the same; when they do not, but act precipitately, without regard to both sides of a question, it is either because they are fools, or because they are fanatics, and are led away by some dominating impulse which masters their judgments.

It is astonishing how much the business of the world is facilitated and made agreeable by this practice of splitting differences. The more it prevails among men, the more even is the tenor of their way, the more smooth and tranquil the current of their life. In all our relations with each other the wise dealing with differences is of vital import. The poet says, "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," and so we do if we only get and spend; but we cannot do without spending, and we must get in order to spend. The mischief is that men will get all they can possibly grasp, and are apt to spend even faster than they get, and so sacrifice life for the means of living luxuriously. This is the vice of our time, springing out of the social rivalries which are its characteristic. Brown must keep his brougham, for no other earthly reason than because Jones has set up his, and both go galloping towards insolvency because neither will allow the other to outshine him; if they would split the difference between parsimony and extravagance, they would get at the golden mean, and might enjoy life reasonably instead of wasting it foolishly. Obviously this monition is applicable to the whole conduct of life: to live well in the best sense we must follow the golden mean, and when that shining thread is not perceptible—as it will not always be—in the tangled texture of circumstance, we must track its course as nearly as we can by carefully feeling our way and the cautious splitting of differences.

And this brings us to remark, that in splitting the difference care must be taken to do it fairly and honestly. Nothing is more common than the violation of this rule, and with all of us there is too great a tendency to split differences in conformity with our own pet notions, predilections, or creeds. Hence we are but unreliable judges in matters in which we are personally interested, and in all such cases, when a difference has to be split, we should follow the example of the disputants referred to above, and commit the process to another. Still we shall have cases

always recurring in which we must deal with differences from our own single point of view, simply because we cannot bring ourselves to confide to others the opposing motives that have weight in our secret hearts. In no case, scarcely, is the decision so difficult, or the difference so hard to split to our own satisfaction, as in judging of the claims of others to our admiration, regard, or esteem. It is not very creditable to us that in estimating the merits of others we almost invariably compare them with a standard far loftier than that we could fairly claim for ourselves; if there is any reason for our doing so other than our vanity and conceit, we confess we are unable to discover it, and if such be the reasons, then the sooner we descend from our fancied exaltation the better. There is a verse of some German poet, whose name has escaped us, which affords a very good rule for judging of our fellow-men, and which practically splits the difference betwixt that undue laudation on the one hand, and detraction on the other, to which all of us are prone at times. The verse may be thus "done into English:"—

"If foes my character impeach,  
And warn thee what my failings be,  
Suffer my friends in turn to teach  
That Virtue hath some part in me.  
If Slander hold me up to wrath.  
Or Fame weave laurels for my brow,  
I'd have thee choose the middle path,  
And deem I am a man—as thou."

For our part, we can but relish the sentiment of these brief lines, and should have no objection to be judged ourselves by the man who seeks thus to be judged by others.

We have spoken of splitting present and existing differences: as for past differences and dilemmas, it is of no use to revert to them, to regret lost opportunities or mourn over old blunders. We can all of us doubtless recall many a case in our experience when the business went to the bad because we could not or would not split the difference. When we have passed life's middle stage we imagine that we are wiser; we have profited by our own experience, and by the mistakes and follies of other persons. We have seen that people able and willing to fairly split the difference have by so doing made their way plain to them; and we have seen that obstinate, one-sided people, who would not be prevailed upon to split the difference at all, have hedged their way with thorns, and have had to struggle and scramble on in the rear through no end of obstacles, chiefly of their own raising. If our experience has taught us to split differences conscientiously, and to be satisfied with the result, we may be thankful. Especially may we be thankful if, in apportioning our lot in life, Providence has kindly saved us from the burden of riches on the one hand, and poverty on the other, and by splitting the difference for us, has delivered us from the snares of either lot.

One last word: In matters of morality there must be no splitting of differences. The sense of right and wrong is engraved on every heart, and the obligation to do the right and shun the wrong, if it be not identical with this moral sense, is yet inseparable from it. In matters of religion, also, there must be no splitting of differences. Every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and no man can refer his decisions to the control of another without treason against his own conscience and unfaithfulness to the revealed standard of truth.



## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

XV.—BOSTON—"THE HUB"—LITERARY NOTABLES—HISTORICAL SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS—THE COMMON—THE STATE HOUSE—"THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY"—THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH—UNITARIANISM—RELIGIOUS STATISTICS—DICKENS'S WORSHIP—BOSTON AND EDINBURGH COMPARED—COMMON SCHOOLS—CIVIC GOVERNMENT—CHARITABLE SOCIETIES—THE LADIES OF BOSTON.



I SAW Boston with surprise, left it with regret, and remember it with admiration. I was surprised at the size and beauty of the city, the culture of its people, and the excellence of its government. I was surprised at the number of its churches, schools, libraries, newspapers, book-stores; its places of amusement as well as instruction; and, above all, its charitable and philanthropic institutions. To an old traveller, who had seen many cities, and had settled down into the *nil admirari* spirit, it was a new sensation to be roused into admiring enthusiasm as I was at Boston. Far inferior to Edinburgh in picturesque site, to Venice, or Rome, or Grenada in romantic association, to many a city of the old world in historical fame, I yet felt deeper interest in Boston than in any place I had visited in days of younger and more susceptible emotion. I know not why, except it be that here Christian civilisation has attained the highest reach I had hitherto witnessed, not perhaps in individual advancement, but in the general elevation and well-being of the community. I do not wonder at an Englishman like Tom Hughes saying that if he was obliged to leave his own country he would choose Boston as his residence. I thought so too, till I had been at Philadelphia, which may contest with Boston among modern cities the capability of securing "the greatest possible well-being of the greatest possible numbers." Both cities are in advance of the best cities of the old world, in whatever can be effected by free institutions, and educational culture, and Christian civilisation, to ameliorate and elevate the masses. Much remains yet to be accomplished, and many evils mar the pleasant picture, but I saw here realised more than I had elsewhere seen of the ideal which Dr. Chalmers propounded in his "Civic Economy of Great Towns." As a citizen of the old country, I felt no humiliation, but rather pride, in the progress of the Anglo-Saxon stock, and of what a traveller has happily designated "Greater Britain." I do not ascribe the advance to political institutions, and think it would have been greater with less of democratic license; but I ascribe it to the transplantation to fresh soil of the best social and domestic life of the old country, and to the leavening influence of the Bible, the true source at once of individual happiness, and of the "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

In bearing this strong testimony I am fully aware of the dark side of Boston life. Nowhere is intellectual pride more arrogant, learned vanity more conceited,\* free thought and free living more daring, vice and immorality more unblushing. The law and police records, the prisons and asylums, show this. But the two statements are quite consistent. Extreme forms of folly and notable cases of crime often appear in the best communities, and the

co-existence of great good and great evil seems a common law of social life. What I affirm is, the general elevation of the masses of the people to a higher level than has been elsewhere attained, and the small proportion compared with other cities, say Glasgow and Edinburgh, or Liverpool and London, of a degraded and almost heathen substratum of society. I have gone about for days in Boston without hearing the gross and profane language which habitually vexes the ear in our streets, or witnessing by day or night the scenes of repulsive vice so common in our thoroughfares. There is little to be seen also of the squalid abject poverty of the English courts and alleys, and of the Scottish closes and wynds. The result is partly due, I suppose, to better municipal and sanitary regulations; but the moral effects must be fairly ascribed to the influence of education and Christian training. Philanthropy has not to deal with the hopeless chaos which intemperance and pauperism have produced in our great towns. And still more would be achieved in Boston but for the jealousy of interfering with popular liberty, which thus is allowed to run into license. Hence the growing influence of "the liquor traffic interest," and the circulation of criminal literature, and other agencies counteracting the good work of education. The magistrates and respectable citizens of Boston had better check this license with stronger hand, or their city will not continue to hold its claim to admiration for the social and moral character of the people.

I have little to say about those things in Boston which authors have most enlarged upon in their books of travel. At the time of my visit, the literary notables were all absent, and the season of lectures and meetings had not commenced. I must confess that, with the exception of Longfellow, I am too little acquainted with the writers and speakers of whom Bostonians are proud. Life is too short to allow a busy man to be familiar with the minor poetry of all nations; and the best of American poets are minor poets after all. Their countrymen are right in making the most of them, and the publishers and critics have done the best for them. But I have failed to see all the wonderful excellence of their poetry which their countrymen proclaim. I am of the old-fashioned school, and would not exchange Goldsmith's "Traveller," or "Deserted Village," or Gray's "Elegy," or Cowper's "Task," or "Childe Harold," for all the poetry that America has yet produced. At the same time, I quite allow that there are New England names which will live in classic literature.

Boston is rich in scenes and associations belonging both to English and American history. The name was given in honour of the Rev. John Cotton, who came from Boston in the old country. The first European inhabitant of the peninsula now covered with Boston city was another minister, the Rev. John Blackstone. Here he lived alone till joined by a party of emigrants, headed by John Winthrop, afterwards the first governor of Massachusetts. In 1635 Mr. Blackstone sold his claim to the whole peninsula for £30! The island on which East

\* The dome of the State House, resembling the centre of a huge wagon-wheel, is nicknamed "the Hub," and the word is in playful metaphor applied by other American cities to Boston itself, the assumed centre of intellect and learning, "the Hub of the Union," or, as Carlyle would say, "the Hub of the Universe"!

Boston is built was the homestead of another solitary settler, Samuel Maverick. Much of the early history is ecclesiastical rather than political. The first emigrants carried with them the forms and traditions of Puritan England, and laid a solid foundation of Anglo-Saxon institutions. The first American newspaper, the "Boston News Letter," was commenced in 1704. In 1760 the population was only 18,000; during the revolutionary war it receded to 12,000, and only reached 18,000 again in 1789, the year that Washington was elected first President of the United States. In the fiftieth year of Independence, in 1826, the population was 50,000; in 1860, 190,000; and at last census had risen to 250,000. Being one of the oldest cities of the Union, its streets are not laid out in neat dull parallelograms, but have grown with the growth of the population, in an irregular fashion, according to the requirements of site, space, and other circumstances. There are two great lines, Tremont Street, skirting the Common, and Washington Street, roughly parallel to Tremont Street, with Court Street running across the northern extremity of both lines. Beyond Court Street, going north-east towards the Harbour, I more than once lost myself among networks of intricate crooked little streets, with names dating from British times, though the old inn signs of which we read in early Boston annals have long vanished, "King's Arms," and "Queen's Arms," and "St. Georges," and "Red Lions." It is curious to read about one of these ancient hosteleries, that "at the 'Ship,' Sir Richard Carr, carousing on Saturday night, was arrested by John Mason, constable, who said he would have arrested the king himself if breaking the Sabbath eve." The Puritan spirit in its strictness has vanished with the old inn signs. The observance of the Lord's day is still honourably maintained in Boston, and the churches are well attended, but the large foreign population and the freer customs of modern times have modified the ancient laws and usages as to the Sabbath.

My first day in Boston was like a long pleasure stroll through a historical gallery or museum. Turning to the right on leaving Tremont House, I passed under a row of fine elm-trees, in front of a railed graveyard. These trees, I was told, were exactly a century old, being planted in 1770 by a loyal Englishman, Colonel Paddock, who left, on the Declaration of Independence, for Nova Scotia, where his descendants remain. The churchyard, now closed, contains, among other notable tombs, that of the parents of Benjamin Franklin. A few paces farther on I found one of the entrances to the Common. Here the chief visible relic of historic times is a venerable elm, familiarly known as "Liberty Tree," the centre of many a patriotic gathering. The Bostonians are justly proud of their Common, with its shady walks, and healthy slopes, and its fresh lake, which is jestingly nicknamed "the frog pond" by other Americans.

I saw the people of Boston gathered on two or three nights in the Common for music. A powerful and well-trained band occupied a raised orchestra, and a vast multitude sat on the slopes or stood around. The concert did not begin till eight, and the great mass seemed to consist of the working classes. There must have been above 100,000 present, and I was astonished at the order and good conduct of the vast assemblage. When the pro-

gramme was ended, and the lights of the orchestra extinguished, the crowd quietly and quickly dispersed. In less than half an hour the Common was almost empty. Except a policeman at the gates to prevent crushing, there was nothing to enforce the orderly conduct of the crowd. I could not help contrasting the scene with the assemblage such an entertainment would attract in our parks. Where are "the roughs"? one might well ask in Boston. There are plenty of them, no doubt, in the second seaport town of America, yet they form but an insignificant proportion to the well-educated and well-governed population. I saw other signs of the general orderliness and elevation of "the lower orders." There were two theatres not far from the hotel, places which here as elsewhere attract the loosest sections of the people, but not many minutes after the hour of closing the street was clear, and nothing to be seen or heard of the vice and revelry which disturb and disgrace some of our London thoroughfares at night. There is in Boston as in New York much immorality and drunkenness, but a stranger to see this must go to the haunts of vice. No impartial witness will deny that in the outward aspect of a well-ordered and well-conducted community, Boston is ahead of British towns of the same population—far ahead of Edinburgh, for instance, to which in other respects it bears most resemblance.

At one corner of the Common, at the top of Beacon Hill, occupying a most imposing site, is the State House of Massachusetts. From the dome a magnificent view is obtained of the city and surrounding region of sea and land. Joined to the mainland and



FANEUIL HALL.

Roxbury suburb by a narrow isthmus, called the Neck, the city proper is united to Charlestown, South Boston, and other suburbs, by numerous bridges and broad causeways crossing the salt-water



lagoons, and giving a Venice-like appearance to the site. The old Cambridge bridge, across Charles River to the Cambridge and Harvard road, is about 2,760 feet in length, with a causeway of 3,422 feet. Another causeway a mile and a half long extends from the foot of Beacon Street across the bay to Sewell's Point in Brookline. From the dome of the State House may also be seen the many quays and docks, the channels and islands, and distant landscapes of wonderful beauty, not forgetting Bunker's Hill, with its monumental obelisk, and the green heights of Mount Auburn cemetery. The building itself contains many monuments and memorials of the Revolution, especially a sculptured record bearing the dates of the most remarkable events of the war of independence, ending with this patriotic appeal, referring to the Beacon Hill on which it was originally placed: "Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who by their exertions have secured to you these blessings."

Descending from the State House I visited the Old State House; the original building remaining, but now occupied by commercial offices. Thence I went to Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty," as it is popularly called, having been the scene of many a council and assembly in the days of the fathers of the Revolution, who are presented in pictures and statues. Then I went to the City Hall and many other public buildings notable in Boston annals of earlier or later date. But I have no space to spare for describing places, only referring to them in connection with my general impressions of the city and its people.

The Americans have a saying which hits off the characteristics of their three great eastern cities. "At New York the question is what a man has, at Philadelphia who a man is, but at Boston what does a man know." In spite of proverbial Yankee\* smartness, dollars do not take precedence of books in Boston society. This Athens of the new world is justly proud of her poets, historians, and men of letters. This last conventional phrase sounds ungallant in such a connection, for we might as well say "women of letters." Half the ladies in Boston would be considered "blue" in many other towns. Even young ladies in their teens are often well versed in science as well as literature, and talk with amazing fluency and self-possession. Sidney Smith's bantering description of the young ladies of another "modern Athens" came to my thought, when he says he overheard the neighbouring couple in a quadrille discussing pheelosophy and love in the aibstract. The Boston dialect even in best circles somewhat grates on English ears, but it is as musical as the twang of the Lothian ladies. Both by contrast and resemblance I was frequently, sometimes amusingly, sometimes painfully, reminded of Edinburgh, as I knew it of old in my college days. I was amused at the general rage for learned and philosophical lectures; at the enthusiastic talk about favourite preachers; at the official deference paid to professors and other titular representatives of learning; at the exclusiveness and self-importance of the little coteries of *litterati*. Some of these traits I only gathered from conversation, my

visit being at a season of the year when all the lights were out and the benches empty in the Boston Walhalla. Even at Harvard there were but two or three dons, unknown to fame, keeping guard, Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and every notable man, Harvard official or resident at Cambridge, being scattered for the season.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

I went on Sunday morning to the "Old South Church," a place of many historical associations. Here Franklin was baptized, his birthplace being near. Here George Whitfield preached. Inscribed in the church records, or on the gravestones of the churchyard, are memorials of Cottons, Winslows, Eliots, and other well-known New England names. The building is plain, but the lofty spire, fine bell, and conspicuous clock are familiar to all Bostonians, and arrest the notice of strangers as they pass down Washington Street. An inscription tells when the first church was erected, and when rebuilt, and how it was desecrated by the British in the revolutionary war. The pulpit and pews were broken up for fuel, and many books from the library burned. The body of the church was made into a cavalry riding school, hundreds of cartloads of gravel being brought in to raise the level. The galleries used to be filled with spectators, and resounded with the cries of getting liquor and refreshments. When Independence came, the "Old South" was all the more "a sanctuary of freedom." Many a "sermon for the times" has been heard here, and many an "election" sermon, in other sense of the word from that understood by the old Puritan pastors. The present minister is the sixteenth in succession from the first pastor of the church before the middle of the seventeenth century. There is a venerable air even now about the interior, with its heavy pews and lofty pulpit of the "tub" kind, covered by a large old-fashioned sounding-board. In almost all modern churches of the Congregationalists the broad platform with railing in front takes the place of a pulpit. I went not know-

\* Yankee is a term applied to the people of all the six north-eastern States, collectively forming New England, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island; but in Massachusetts and its capital, Boston, Yankee 'cuteness' is developed *par excellence*.

ing to what denomination the "Old South" belonged, but found it a genuine descendant of the early New England Independent Churches. The service was much the same as in similar congregations in England. There was a brief extempore invocation prayer; a hymn (performed by the organist and choir, most of the people sitting); then notices read; another prayer and hymn; then the sermon. It was a plain ordinary discourse, not by the regular minister. A short prayer followed, and a hymn, the congregation standing this time, so that probably there is no fixed usage. It was Communion Sabbath, and strangers were invited to remain. The elements were distributed to the members in their pews, after the usual prayer and address from the minister. The company of venerable deacons, ranged in twos in front of the communion table, looked exactly like the dour solemn elders seen in Scottish churches on such occasions. A coloured female sat near me, and one or two others were in the church, proving that in this community at least there is oneness of Christian fellowship for all complexions as well as all social grades. The concluding address had some novelty to me, being a special exhortation to prepare for "the yearly campaign of Christian work." "From the Fall (autumn) to the beginning of May," the minister reminded his hearers, "is the season for activity in all good and beneficent undertakings," referring, as I afterwards learned, to the general migration of the richer classes to the country or the seaside throughout the summer months. I was told that there is still a valuable library, including many curious pamphlets and manuscripts, belonging to the church. The present edifice was erected in 1730. The last service in the old church was in March, 1729; and so decayed was the timber found to be, that it was thought the crowded congregation had "a gracious preservation." The first minister of the church was Thomas Thatcher, from Salisbury, England, a doctor of medicine as well as in holy orders. The fourth in succession from him was "good Dr. Sewell," pastor for fifty years, who, when so feeble as to be carried up to the pulpit, still preached the gospel with earnest animation.

When and how the New England States lapsed from the old Puritan standard of orthodoxy is not recorded. The declension was probably gradual, as in the old country, where a similar spiritual blight seems to have settled down on the churches both in England and Scotland. The early part of the eighteenth century was the time of this decay. In England the Presbyterian churches slowly merged into Socinianism, retaining the old name, so honourable in the previous century, only when necessary for the sake of holding endowments and property. The standards of the Church of England secured a greater extent of nominal adherence to orthodoxy, but it was often but the lifeless form of the creed of the Reformers. Infidelity prevailed throughout the nation, so that when Bishop Butler published his "Analogy," he wrote these memorable historical words:—"It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." Bishop Butler's book

led the way in the learned and able Christian apologetical literature of the country, but it was only in the "revival" caused by the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield and their followers that the eclipse of faith passed from the face of England. In Scotland, the revival from the dark days of "moderation" came later, but was more energetic and thorough, even as had been the work of reformation in earlier times. When Chalmers was in the zenith of his fame, the scepticism of the previous century had utterly disappeared as a national feature, and there are at present in all Scotland not more than two or three congregations of professed Unitarians.

Strange to say, this obscuration of gospel light lasted down to a far later period in New England; and especially in Boston, where Unitarianism is still nominally the most numerous and influential of the denominations. They call themselves Christians, for the number is small of those who avow themselves Deists, or even Socinians. But with a large proportion, the Unitarian profession is only a tribute paid to social position. To deny Christianity would in these times in America be regarded as implying want of character, if not of intellect, and the Unitarian churches admit of Christian profession with least disturbance of personal freedom of thought and action. But the thing is fast degenerating into a hollow sham. Nominally there are still more Unitarian than any other kind of churches in Boston. They count 25 churches out of about 145 in all; the denominations next in number being Congregational Trinitarian, 20; Baptist, 17; Methodist Episcopal, 17; Roman Catholic Episcopal, 15. The Presbyterians, who predominate in other parts of the Eastern States, have only six churches. But while the Unitarians count twenty-five churches, their relative position has greatly altered within the last twenty years. It is not now as in the time of Channing and his associates. A large section has drifted, under preachers like Parker, into wilder regions of free thought in religion, while other churches have drawn nearer to evangelical truth. In fact, the cold cheerless system is fast breaking up. It still stands clear and erect, but it is like an iceberg which has floated into warmer latitudes, and the base being eaten away, it will soon topple over and be dispersed. It is impossible that amidst the new warmth and life of the churches, in this age of Bible circulation and missions, and active works of Christian beneficence, the creed of Unitarianism can long hold its sway in such a city as Boston. It will probably survive longest in the little cliques of literary people, and in the class-rooms of Harvard University, but even there its days are numbered. Let us hope this spiritual cloud that overhangs the grand city of Boston may soon be dispersed, and the old civic motto, in the fulness of its signification, again shine forth, "SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS."

I received an interesting report of a visit paid to Boston the year before by Dr. McCosh, the distinguished President of Princeton College, New Jersey, the worthy successor of America's greatest metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards. He was invited to give a series of lectures on the Christian evidences. This was a subject not likely to be attractive in the programmes of lectures to which the literati of Boston flock. The place of meeting was, therefore, one of the Methodist Episcopal churches, and the addresses were ostensibly given as a course of instruction to theological students. The high

reputation of the lecturer attracted increasing numbers, till at last the place was crowded to the door, and all the intellectual aristocracy of Boston were among the audience. In one of the lectures the President bore high testimony to the eloquence and uprightness of Channing, and to his noble efforts in the cause of freedom. After reading passages from his works, he contrasted his opinions with those of Parker and others who now profess to be the leaders of Unitarianism, showing that it was impossible to remain in the position at present occupied. There must be either a rapid downward course to infidelity, or the steps of honest inquirers must be retraced toward the solid standing ground of revealed Christian truth.

The impression produced by the lectures was great. Dr. McCosh was invited to preach before the University of Harvard—a very handsome and liberal thing, considering his well-known and outspoken views. In the academic chapel he was listened to with marked attention, and was thanked by the officials for his discourse.

I afterwards at Princeton asked Dr. McCosh about his visit to Boston, and, though averse to narrating his own proceedings, he spoke in warm terms of the kindness and courtesy with which he had been received, especially at Harvard University. He said that he there preached a plain gospel sermon, such as he would have addressed to any village congregation. It was this, no doubt, which struck his audience more than if he had delivered a more formal oration. Probably many of those present had never before heard an evangelical sermon. Dr. McCosh seemed much gratified by his visit, and said that the Boston Unitarians only wanted a man of power to rise up among themselves, as Chalmers had in Scotland, to lead them to a higher and nobler platform of thought and feeling.

I have extended my remarks on the outward religious aspect of Boston, because it really was one of the things which had puzzled me, and which made most impression in America; which at a distance seemed most strange, and was only made clear by close inspection. It seemed strange that a soulless creed like Unitarianism could prevail, as it was said to do, in the centre of American thought and life. But I found only the residuum of the baneful influence, "the scattered rear of darkness thin," and the adherence to it is now chiefly traditional. In another generation I have no doubt that Boston, as it is the head of intellectual, so will be the head of moral and evangelical influence in the Union.

Another feature in Boston life, as I saw it, was what I can call by no milder phrase than Dickens-worship. I was at Boston about two months after the death of the great humorist, and everywhere saw marks of the public mourning which the news had caused. His portrait, draped with black or wreathed with immortelles, was in many booksellers' windows, with pressing announcements of new editions of his works. In the Boston Free Library a department has been formed for collecting every scrap of literature bearing upon the name of Dickens. I was told that on his second visit, so intense was the *furor* for hearing his readings, that *queues* were formed overnight to find places, where these had not been secured by fabulous payments. I was taken to see a window in a publisher's shop opposite the Common, at which groups were reverentially staring, and was told that at this window Dickens used to sit

surveying the passing crowds. So far as it goes, this tribute to Dickens is very honourable to Boston, but the intensity of it argues a sad lack of appreciation of higher moral as well as literary and intellectual worth. I suppose some Bostonians think the flashy and exaggerated style of Dickens the perfection of modern English composition, as they probably took his red velvet waistcoat and profuse jewellery as the tasteful dress of an English gentleman. One Boston editor said to me seriously that he ranked Shakespeare and Dickens nearly on a level. Now, without intruding any remarks of my own, I take leave to transcribe, for the benefit of Boston readers, and as a contribution to the Dickens literary museum, the following striking passage from a writer too little known, I fear, in America—Hugh Miller. The thoughtful perusal of this extract by some of my readers in the Boston of Scotland, Edinburgh, may guard them from uttering the exaggerated and indiscriminating eulogy with which we are threatened on the occasion of the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott.

Hugh Miller was shown the Visitors' Album, at Shakespeare's House in Stratford-on-Avon, by the woman in charge. The first name she turned up was that of Sir Walter Scott; the second that of Charles Dickens. "That will do," he said, "now shut up the book."

"It was a curious coincidence. Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens! The scale is a descending one; so is the scale from the lion to the leopard, and from the leopard to the tiger cat; but cat, leopard, and lion belong to one great family; and these three poets belong unequivocally to one great family also. They are generally one; masters, each in his own sphere, not simply of the art of exhibiting character in the truth of nature—for that a Hume or a Tacitus may possess—but of the rarer and more difficult *dramatic* art of making characters exhibit themselves. It is not uninteresting to remark how the peculiar ability of portraying character in this form is so exactly proportioned to the general intellectual power of the writer who possesses it. No dramatist, whatever he may attempt, ever draws taller men than himself: as water in a bent tube rises to exactly the same height in the two limbs, so intellect in the character produced rises to but the level of the intellect of the producer. Viewed with reference to this simple rule, the higher characters of Scott, Dickens, and Shakespeare, curiously indicate the intellectual stature of the men who produced them. Scott's higher characters possess massive good sense, great shrewdness, much intelligence: they are always very superior if not always great men; and by a careful arrangement of drapery, and much study of position and attitude, they play their parts wonderfully well. The higher characters of Dickens do not stand by any means so high; the fluid in the original tube rests at a lower level; and no one seems better aware of the fact than Dickens himself. He knows his proper walk; and, content with expatiating in a comparatively humble province of human life and character, rarely stands on tiptoe in the vain attempt to portray an intellect taller than his own. The intellectual stature of Shakespeare rises, on the other hand, to the highest level of man. There was no human greatness which he could not adequately conceive and portray. His range includes the loftiest and the lowest characters, and takes in all between."

Many other things I noted in the civic or social life of Boston on which I might enlarge, but I have



more than filled my space. I must only gather up a few miscellaneous recollections.

To the efficiency of the Public School System I have already referred. It is estimated that the number of children in the city between the ages of five and sixteen is 35,000, of which only one-tenth attend no school, one-tenth are in private schools, and eight-tenths are in the public schools. Half this number are in the primary schools, and half in the grammar and higher schools. There are twenty grammar schools, and thirty primary schools, with about 1,100 male and 500 female teachers. The "Public Schools Committee" consists of the Mayor and the President of Common Council, with six members elected for each of the sixteen city wards. There is a superintendent, with a salary of 4,000 dols.; a secretary, 1,800 dols. The salaries of the teachers range from 4,000 dols. to 800 dols., the head masters of the Latin and English High Schools, the Girls' High School, and Normal Schools having the largest salaries. Among other highly-paid teachers I found that the drawing-masters in the high and grammar schools had 2,500 dols., and the assistants 2,000 dols., and that the professor of "vocal and physical culture" had 3,000 dols., and the assistant 2,500 dols., showing the value put upon these special branches of training. Some of the higher schools are of old foundation, the City Latin School having been founded in 1635, and the Roxbury Latin School in 1645.

The people of Boston take enlightened interest in the management of the schools, and indeed in the affairs of the city generally, not holding aloof, as in New York, from public life, and so leaving a set of mis-managers and plunderers to grasp the government. Committees of the Common Council have superintendence of finance, health, markets, bridges and ferries, lighting and paving, charities, and other departments. The arrangements for fire alarms are of the most complete kind. The whole of the city and suburbs is divided into upwards of 250 numbered sections, each with a fire-alarm box, communicating by electric wires with the central alarm station in the City Hall. The keys of the boxes are with the police. On an alarm being given for any district, its locality is at once indicated by the corresponding number being sounded by the alarm clock. Thus, if the fire is in section 213, the alarm strikes 2 blows, with a pause, then 1 blow, pause, and three blows—213. The fire watch is on duty in the City Hall dome day and night. The same system of combined signals I afterwards found in use at Chicago and other great towns. It is the only point in which the American fire brigade system has advantage over our own.

In the population of Boston, the proportion of natives to foreign-born citizens is a little more than double. The number of coloured people is less than I expected, being under 3,000. The number of voters is about 50,000. Of the sexes the proportion before the last census was about 90,000 males to 103,000 females. The last return I have not seen. The average number of persons to a family was 5.06; to a house 9.31; of families to a house 1.84. These statistics are useful for comparison with other cities in estimating social or sanitary conditions. Water is plentiful, and the rates fixed by the City Council. At present the water-rate for private dwellings is 6 dols. a year for a house of 1,000 dols. rated valuation. Hotels are charged 3 dols. extra for each bed, and shops and stores at various rates, according to

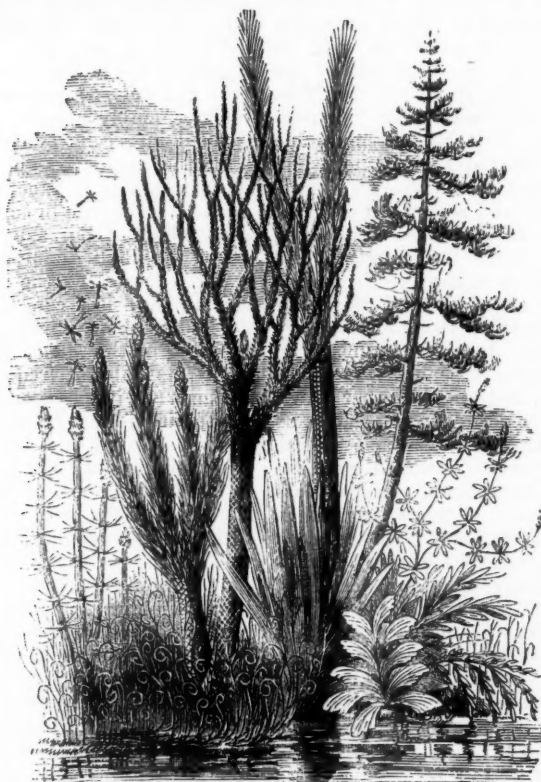
schedules. The same careful administration extends to other matters under municipal control. But beyond these public departments there is a wide field for the labours of charitable and benevolent administration. A vast number of societies take up every form of human suffering and want. In regard to spiritual destitution, the labours are almost wholly supported by voluntary contributions, the work of the churches being supplemented, as with us, by City Mission, Young Men's Christian Association, and other agencies. Nor is the religious activity confined to home operations. Bible and Tract Societies are well supported, and the Mission House in Pemberton Square includes the office of the American Board of Foreign Missions, an agency of great influence in various parts of the world, especially in the East.

The organisation of benevolent work and charitable relief is somewhat defective, though abundant in resources. There are between sixty and seventy charitable institutions in the city, besides the private charities of the several churches and those of Freemasons, benefit societies, and the like. Upwards of forty of the charitable societies are for the relief of the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate; of these, twelve or fifteen are for the relief of the poor at large, in addition to the city charity, supported by rates, which expends as much as all the other societies. In so large a number of distinct organisations there must be great waste of resources in working expenses, besides the risk of being imposed upon by professional beggars, when there is little communication between the various offices of relief. To meet this, an attempt has been made to organise a central relief bureau, the office of which is under the same roof as the City Bureau of Charity, so that the cases of claimants can be readily sifted. This charitable "clearing house" has already been found to work well, and the idea is worth being carried out by our multiform charitable societies in London and other great towns. All denominations, and the Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, work harmoniously in Boston, so far as the relief of the poor is concerned. One of the most active managers of the Boston Provident Association told me that but for the constant immigration of new Irish poor, the pauperism of the city could be kept thoroughly under control, a great achievement with a population of 250,000.

In looking over this long chapter, I notice I have said not a word about the ladies of Boston, except figuratively as to the colour of their stockings. I must set this down as the last but not least of my impressions—that in brightness and elegance Boston beauty is far above the average; I never saw fewer plain faces, even in the middle and lower classes. And as to dress, the intermingling of all classes in the schools has led to a general tidiness and taste that must be noticed by every stranger. Education also gives intelligence and expression, which are visible on the countenance. I speak of the masses of the people, not of the upper classes, whose refined style of features has often been celebrated. Ill-natured people say that the beauty is only of the face, is often accompanied with chicken-breasted shape and delicate health, and generally soon passes off. It may be so among girls in New England fashionable life, but I can only say that in average looks the women are equal to those of any European town of the size; and as to the beauty being short-lived, I never have seen so many nice-looking old ladies as in Boston.

# SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., PRINCIPAL OF MCGILL COLLEGE MONTREAL.



To the left are *Calamites*; next to these *Leptophleum*; in the centre are *Lepidodendron*, *Sigillaria*, and a *Fine*. Below are *Psilophyton*, *Cordaitea*, *Ferns*, and *Asterophyllites*.

## VII.—THE DEVONIAN AGE.—(Continued.)

THE reign of fishes began in the Upper Silurian, for in the rocks of this age, more especially in England, several species have been found. They occur, however, only in the newer beds of this formation, and are not of large size, nor very abundant. It is to be observed that, in so far as the fragments discovered can be interpreted, they indicate the existence already of two distinct types of fishes, the Ganoids, or gar-fishes, protected with bony plates and scales, and the Placoids, or shark-like fishes; and that in the existing world these fishes are regarded as occupying a high place in their class. Further, these two groups of fishes are those which throughout a large portion of geological time continue to prevail to the exclusion of other types, the ordinary bony fishes having been introduced only in comparatively recent periods. With the Devonian, however, there comes a vast increase to the finny armies; and so characteristic are these that the Devonian has been called the age of fishes *par excellence*, and we must try, with the help of our illustrations, to paint these old inhabitants of the waters as distinctly as we can. Among the most ancient and curious of these fishes are those singular forms covered with broad plates, of which the *Pteraspis* of the Upper Silurian is the herald, and

which are represented in the Lower Devonian by several distinct genera. Of these one of the most curious is the *Cephalaspis*, or buckler-head, distinguished by its broad flat head, rounded in front and prolonged at the sides into two great spines, which project far beyond the sides of the comparatively slender body. This fish, it may be mentioned, is the type of a family highly characteristic of the Lower Devonian, as well as of the Upper Silurian, and all of which are provided with large plate-like cephalic coverings, sometimes with a long snout in front, and, in so far as is known, a comparatively weak body and tail. They were all probably ground-living creatures, feeding on worms and shell-fishes, and "rooting" for these in the mud, or burrowing therein for their safety. In these respects they have a most curious analogy to the Trilobites, which in habits they must have greatly resembled, though belonging by their structure to an entirely different and much higher class. So close is this resemblance that their head-shields used to be mistaken for those of Trilobites. The case is one of those curious analogies which often occur in nature, and which must always be distinguished from the true affinities which rest on structural resemblances. Another group of small fishes, likewise cuirassed in bony armour of plates, may be represented by the

*Pterichthys*, with its two strong bony fins at the sides, which may have served for swimming, but probably also for defence, and for creeping on or shovelling up the mud at the bottom of the sea. But, besides the Ganoids, which were armed in plated cuirasses, there were others, active and voracious, clad in shining enamelled scales, like the bony pike of the American rivers and the *Polypterus* of the Nile. Some of these, like the *Diplacanthus*, or "double-spine," were of small size, and chiefly remarkable for their sharp defensive bony spines. Others, like *Holoptychius* (wrinkled-scale) and *Osteolepis* (bone-scale), were strongly built, and sometimes of great size. One Russian species of *Asterolepis* (star-scale) is supposed to have been twenty feet in length, and furnished with strong and trenchant teeth in two rows. These great fishes afford a good reason for the spines and armour-plates of the contemporary trilobites and smaller fishes. Just as man has been endeavouring to invent armour impenetrable to shot, for soldiers and for ships, and, on the other hand, shot and shells that can penetrate any armour, so nature has always presented the spectacle of the most perfect defensive apparatus matched with the most perfect weapons for destruction. In the class of fishes, no age of the world is more eminent in these respects than the Devonian.\* In addition to these fishes, there were others, represented principally by their strong bony spines, which must have been allied to some of the families of modern sharks, most of them, however, probably to that comparatively harmless tribe which, furnished with flat teeth, prey upon shell-fishes. There are other fishes, difficult to place in our systems of classification; and among these an eminent example is the huge *Dinichthys* of Newberry, from the Hamilton group of Ohio. The head of this creature is more than three feet long and eighteen inches broad, with the bones extraordinarily strong and massive. In the upper jaw, in addition to strong teeth, there were in front two huge sabre-shaped tusks or incisors, each nearly a foot long; and corresponding to these in the massive lower jaw were two closely joined conical tusks, fitting between those of the upper jaw. No other fish presents so frightful an apparatus for destruction; and if, as is probable, this was attached to a powerful body, perhaps thirty feet in length, and capable of rapid motion through the water, we cannot imagine any creature so strong or so well armed as to cope with the mighty *Dinichthys*.

The difference between the fishes of the Devonian and those of the modern seas is well marked by the fact that, while the ordinary bony fishes now amount to probably 9,000 species and the ganoid fishes to less than thirty, the finny tribes of the Devonian are predominantly ganoids, and none of the ordinary type are known. To what is this related, with reference to conditions of existence? Two explanations, different yet mutually connected, may be suggested. One is that armour was especially useful in the Devonian as a means of defence from the larger predaceous species, and the gigantic crustaceans of the period. That this was the case may be inferred from the conditions of existence of some modern ganoids. The common bony pike of Canada (*Lepidosteus*), frequenting shallow and stagnant places, seems to be especially exposed to injury from its enemies. Con-

sequently, while it is rare to find an ordinary fish showing any traces of wounds, a large proportion of the specimens of the bony pike which I have examined have scars on their scales, indicating injuries which they have experienced, and which possibly, to fishes not so well armed, might have proved fatal. Again, in the modern *Amia*, or mud-fish, in the bony pike and *Polypterus*, there is an extremely large air-bladder, amply supplied with blood-vessels, and even divided into cells or chambers, and communicating with the mouth by an "air-duct." This organ is unquestionably in function a lung, and enables the animal to dispense in some degree with the use of its gills, which of course depend for their supply of vital air on the small quantity of oxygen dissolved in the water. Hence, by the power of partially breathing air, these fishes can live in stagnant and badly aerated waters, where other fishes would perish. In the case of the *Amia*, the grunting noises which it utters, its habit of frequenting the muddy creeks of swamps, and its possession of gill-cleaners, correspond with this view. It is possible that the Devonian fishes possessed this semi-reptilian respiration; and if so, they would be better adapted than other fishes to live in water contaminated with organic matter in a state of decay, or in waters rich in carbonic acid or deficient in oxygen. Possibly the palæozoic waters, as well as the palæozoic atmosphere, were less rich in pure oxygen than those of the present world; and it is certain that, in many of the beds in which the smaller Devonian fishes abound, there was so much decaying vegetable matter as to make it probable that the water was unfit for the ordinary fishes. Thus, though at first sight the possession of external armour and means to respire air, in the case of these peculiar fishes, may seem to have no direct connection with each other, their obvious correlation in some modern ganoids may have had its parallel on a more extensive scale among their ancient relatives. Just as the modern gar-fish, by virtue of its lungs, can live in stagnant shallows and hunt frogs, but on that account needs strong armour to defend it against the foes that assail it in such places, so in the Devonian the capacity to inhabit un-aerated water and defensive plates and scales may have been alike necessary, especially to the feebleness of fishes. We shall find that in the succeeding carboniferous period there is equally good evidence of this.

We have reserved little space for the Devonian plants and insects; but we may notice both in a walk through a Devonian forest, in which we may include the vegetation of the several subordinate periods into which this great era was divisible. The Devonian woods were probably, like those of the succeeding carboniferous period, dense and dark, composed of but few species of plants, and these somewhat monotonous in appearance, and spreading out into broad swampy jungles encroaching on the shallow bays and estuaries. Landing on one of these flats, we may first cast our eyes over a wide expanse, covered with what at a distance we might regard as reeds or rushes. But on a near approach they appear very different: rising in slender, graceful stems, they fork again and again, and their slender branches are sparsely covered with minute needle-like leaves, while the young shoots curl over in graceful tresses, and the older are covered with little oval fruits, or spore-cases; for these plants are cryptogamous, or flowerless. This singular vegetation stretches for miles along the muddy flats, and

\* Most of these were discovered and successfully displayed and described by Hugh Miller, and are graphically portrayed in his celebrated work on the "Old Red Sandstone," published in 1830.



rises to a height of two or three feet from a knotted mass of cylindrical roots or root-stocks, twining like snakes through and over the soil. This plant may, according as we are influenced by its fruit or structure, be regarded as allied to the modern club-mosses or the modern pile-worts. It is *Psilophyton*, in every country one of the most characteristic plants of the period, though, when imperfectly preserved, often relegated by careless and unskilled observers to the all-engulfing group of fucoids. A little farther inland we see a grove of graceful trees, forking like *Psilophyton*, but of grander dimensions, and with the branches covered with linear leaves and sometimes terminated by cones. These are *Lepidodendra*, gigantic club-mosses, which were developed to still greater dimensions in the coal period. Near these we may see a still more curious tree, more erect in its growth, with rounded and somewhat rigid leaves and cones of different form, and with huge cable-like roots, penetrating the mud, and pitted with the marks of long rootlets. This is *Cyclostigma*, a plant near to the *Lepidodendron*, but distinct, and peculiar to the Devonian. Some of its species attain to the dimensions of considerable trees; others are small and shrubby. Another small tree, somewhat like the others, but with very long shaggy leaves, and its bark curiously marked with regular diamond-shaped scars, is the *Leptophleum*. All these plants are probably allied to our modern club-mosses, which are, however, also represented by some low and creeping species cleaving to the ground. A little farther and we reach a dense clump of *Sigillaria*, with tall sparsely forking stems, and ribbed with ridges holding rows of leaf-scars—a group of plants which we shall have further occasion to notice in the coal formation; and here is an extensive jungle of *Calamites*, gigantic and overgrown mares'-tails, allies of the modern equisetums.

Amidst these trees, every open glade is filled with delicate ferns of marvellous grace and beauty; and here and there a tree-fern rears its head, crowned with its spreading and graceful leaves, and its trunk clad with a shaggy mass of aerial roots—an old botanical invention, used in these ancient times, as well as now, to strengthen and protect the stems of trees not fitted for lateral expansion. Beyond this mass of vegetation, and rising on the slopes of the distant hills, we see great trees that look like pines. We cannot approach them more nearly; but here on the margin of a creek we see some drift-trunks, that have doubtless been carried down by a land flood. One of them is certainly a pine, in form and structure of its wood very like those now living in the southern hemisphere; it is a *Dadoxylon*. Another is different, its sides rough and gnarled, and marked with huge irregular ridges; its wood loose, porous, and stringy, more like the bark of modern pines, yet having rings of growth and a true bark of its own, and sending forth large branches and roots. It is the strange and mysterious *Prototaxites*, one of the wonders of the Devonian land, and whose leaves and fruits would be worth their weight in gold in our museums could we only procure them. A solitary fragment further indicates that in the yet unpenetrated solitudes of the Devonian forests there may be other trees more like our ordinary familiar friends of the modern woods; but of these we know as yet but little. What inhabitants have these forests? All that we yet know are a few large insects, relatives of our modern May-flies, fitting with broad-

veined wings over the stagnant waters in which their worm-like larvæ dwell, and one species at least assuming one of the properties of the grasshopper tribe, and enlivening the otherwise silent groves with a cricket-like chirp, the oldest music of living things that geology as yet reveals to us; and this not by the hearing of the sound itself, but by the poor remains of the instrument attached to a remnant of a wing from the Devonian shales of New Brunswick.

A remarkable illustration of the abundance of certain plants in the Devonian, and also of the slow and gradual accumulation of some of its beds, is furnished by layers of fossil spore-cases, or the minute sacs which contain the microscopic germs of club-mosses and similar plants. In the American forests, in spring, the yellow pollen-grains of spruces and pines sometimes drift away in such quantities in the breeze that they fall in dense showers, popularly called showers of sulphur; and this vegetable sulphur, falling in lakes and ponds, is drifted to the shore in great sheets and swaths. The same thing appears to have occurred in the Devonian, not with the pollen of flowering plants, but with the similar light spores and spore-cases of species of *Lepidodendron* and allied trees. In a bed of shale, at Kettle Point, Lake Huron, from 12 to 14 feet thick, not only are the surfaces of the beds dotted over with minute round spore-cases, but, on making a section for the microscope, the substance of each layer is seen to be filled with them; and still more minute bodies, probably the escaped spores, are seen to fill up their interstices. The quantity of these minute bodies is so great that the shale is combustible, and burns with much flame. A bed of this nature must have been formed in shallow and still water, on the margin of an extensive jungle or forest; and as the spore-cases are similar to those of the *Lepidodendra* of the coal-measures, the trees were probably of this kind. Year after year, as the spores became ripe, they were wafted away, and fell in vast quantities into the water, to be mixed with the fine mud there accumulating. When we come to the coal period, we shall see that such beds of spore-cases occur there also, and that they have even been supposed to be mainly instrumental in the accumulation of certain beds of coal. Their importance in this respect may have been exaggerated, but the fact of their occurrence in immense quantities in certain coals and shales is indisputable.

This is but a slender sketch of the Devonian forests; but we shall find many of the same forms of plants in the carboniferous period which succeeds. With one thought we may close. We are prone to ask for reasons and uses for things, but sometimes we cannot be satisfied. Of what use were the Devonian forests? They did not, like those of the coal formation, accumulate rich beds of coal for the use of man. Except possibly a few insects, we know no animals that subsisted on them, nor was there any rational being to admire their beauty. Their use except as helping us in these last days to complete the order of the vegetable kingdom as it has existed in geological time, is a mystery. We can but fall back on that ascription of praise to Him "who liveth for ever and ever," on the part of the heavenly elders who cast down their crowns before the throne, and say, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive the glory, and the honour, and the might; because thou didst create all things, and by reason of thy will they are and were created."

## Varieties.

**AMERICANS KISSING THE POPE'S HAND.**—According to the *Osservatore Cattolico* his Holiness lately granted the favour of an audience at the Vatican to upwards of 200 American visitors. The Pope addressed each of the company separately, and gave to each his hand to kiss, and after addressing to them a short speech, in which he spoke of the great wealth, energy, industry, and resources of America, he congratulated the faithful in America on their fidelity to the Holy See and to the Roman Catholic Church, assuring the others that "they had only to descend into their own hearts, to examine, inquire, and reflect, and they would in the end find out the truth." His Holiness dismissed his visitors with the Papal blessing.

**SIR ROBERT PEELE'S PICTURES.**—In connection with the purchase of the late Sir Robert Peel's pictures for the National Gallery, a curious legal anecdote was reproduced. It was told first by the late Lord Cranworth in the House of Lords, and was associated with the celebrated picture of the "Chapeau de Paille." His lordship, in moving the second reading of the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, alluded to that strangest of all anomalies in English customs which passed under the name of heriot. This existed in very many manors, and by it, on the death of a person holding land subject to the custom, the lord might seize the best chattel of which the tenant died possessed. It was within the late Sir R. Peel's knowledge that the famous horse Smolensko, worth £2,000 or £3,000, was seized under a heriot, and that when the first Lord Abinger, as Mr. Scarlett, was at the bar, a false report of his death having been circulated, the first intimation which Mrs. Scarlett had of it was the seizure of three of the learned gentleman's best horses by the lord of the soil. Sir Robert, being the tenant of a manor to which a heriot attached, was in the greatest apprehension that if anything happened to him the picture above mentioned might be taken, and in order to free himself from that risk he bought the manor of which the copyhold was held.

**BELFORT AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.**—In a letter from Mr. G. J. Capper, one of the commissioners for distributing the "War Victims' Fund," the following account is given of Belfort as it appeared after the siege:—There has been little or no burning, but every house seems smashed and crushed. In the hotel where I am writing one shrapnel fell, scattering nearly 200 bullets. The church is an utter ruin; so far as I can see is every other building. As to the fortress itself, it is the most wonderful I have yet seen. Longwy and Phalsburg are little fortresses well placed, and constructed according to all the rules of art. Bitsche is a living rock pierced with cannon, but Belfort is a fortress of vast extent, occupying the whole, as it were, of the summit of a rocky mountain, and with outlying defences of enormous strength. Had not political reasons dictated its surrender, the German officers themselves admitted that it would have been almost impossible to take it, though the town would have been crumbled to powder. It was a strange contrast from this wilderness of wreck and ruin to climb one of the bastions and see the glorious panorama of the Vosges, pink with the rising sun. These to the north; the Black Forest to the east; and to the south, above the line of the Jura, pale but very familiar peaks bathed in a sea-green light, and seeming to shoot out rays as the rising sun touched them, the giants of the Alps—the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, and the Schreckhoerner. Larks are singing above me, and, were it not for an unexploded shell lying at my feet and great holes all around me, some large enough to bury a horse, where bombs have torn into and blown up the earth as by an earthquake, I might forget the ruin and misery around me, and suppose I was in a region of peace.

**THE QUEEN SINGING TO MENDELSSOHN.**—An interesting letter by Mendelssohn has just been published by his son in a German periodical. It will naturally be peculiarly interesting to English readers. It is dated Frankfort, July 19, 1842, and says:—Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking away, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "What a confusion!" for the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ (which, by the way, made a very pretty feature in the room), with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up

the music; Prince Albert helped, and I too was not idle. Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. "You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she would try the "Frühlingslied" in B flat—"If it is still here," she added, "for all my music is packed up for Claremont." Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed. "But one might perhaps unpack it," said I. "We must send for Lady —," she said. (I did not catch the name.) So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it, but without success; and at last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me, "She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved, "V.R. 1842." Then the Queen came back and said, "Lady — is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying." (You can't think how that amused him.) I rummaged about amongst the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose?—"Schöner und schöner schmuck sich!" sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. Only in the line "Der Prosa Lasten und muh," where it goes down to D, and then comes up again chromatically, she sang D sharp each time, and as I gave her the note both times, the last time she sang D, and there it ought to have been D sharp. But with the exception of this little mistake it was really charming, and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from any amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song (which I found very hard, but pride must have a fall), and beg her to sing one of my own also. If I would give her plenty of help she would gladly try, she said, and then she sang the Pilgerspruch "Lass dich nur," really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself, one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, "Oh, if only I had not been so frightened; generally, I have such long breath." Then I praised her heartily and with the best conscience in the world, for just that part with the long G at the close she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it.

**THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.**—A white marble monument in memory of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of the founder of Wesleyan Methodism, has been erected by subscription in the yard adjoining the chapel belonging to that community in the City Road. Susannah was daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, one of the ministers ejected after the Restoration; she, however, conformed to the Established Church, and, indeed, was, in her day, so high a Churchwoman that she refused to acknowledge the Prince of Orange as Sovereign of England. She is represented in Southey's "Life of Wesley" as a woman of great good sense, high order of intelligence, and of fervent piety; and it was by the help of these qualities that she was able to influence her sons so strongly in the cause of religion. She died in 1742.

**A FLYING MACHINE.**—A newly-invented "flying machine" was tried, it appears, at San Francisco on the 6th of January. Everything was got in order, and the propeller arranged to cause elevation, at 12.15 o'clock. The fire for raising steam was then kindled, and in one minute and a quarter steam was opened. At 12.47 the machine was cut loose, and the propellers started. The report states that she then rose most gracefully in the air, amid the cheers of the crowd who had gathered to witness the ascension. The machine was guided by cords attached to both ends of the balloon, and in the hands of persons on the ground. She ascended about fifty feet, and sailed along about a block, when she was pulled down to have her boiler replenished. Again she rose, this time to a height of about 200 feet. All the machinery "worked to the perfect satisfaction of the inventor." The machine is named "America."

**AMERICAN MILITARY PENSIONS.**—There are on the military pension rolls 195,739 persons, the annual payments to whom amount to \$21,880,413. The name of no revolutionary soldier is now borne on the rolls, but there are 727 widows of revolutionary soldiers, of whom fifteen are over 100 years of age.